(4)

11.

MOST CURIOUS
MERCURIUS BRITTANICUS,
ALIAS,
SATHANICUS,
Anſwer'd, Cuff'd, Cudgell'd, and Clapper-claude.

Han Gupak Nave*m Ercu Rius,*
Quar Teratray Tor*b Ritan Nicus.*

By Interpretation.
Hang up a Knave *Mercurius*, Quarter a Traytor *Britannicus.*

B*Rittanicus*, have at thee, look to thy ſelfe, for good faith I am IOHN TAYLOR, and let it not make thee proud, that I am pleaſed to deſcend ſo low as to write either to thee or of thee. Your Prophetick writings, (with *Bookers* conjunction) and delicate foyſted Declarations, and Relations (being all Nothings) of their worthy Orders, Acts, and Votes, with their *Don Quixotticall*, *Amadis de Gaddicall* Battles and Ayery Victories, which being with judgement and diſcretion weighed and conſidered are *Nothing*, nor ever will be any thing to any purpoſe.

And if the round Iobbernoll of *Brittanicus* were but capable of the capacity of *Owley-glaſſe*, he might ſee that all the great *Somethings* which he ſo dignifies, falſifies and magnifies, are *nothing*, have done *Nothing* (but Miſchiefe) which is worſe then *Nothing*.

You are merrily pleaſed to call *Anlicus the Scripe, or Regiſter to the Iunto*, whereby I perceive that you can breake Ieſts better then make them, and that you have a Fooliſh Rogueiſh deſire to ſeere your betters, but that your plentifull want of Wit is your great impediment.

Then you fall a Scoffing the Nobility here (which is no newes as you promiſed a Relation of newes in your lying title) but ſure it is no new thing (though worth nothing) It is your weekly cuſtome

to promise the People newes, and pay them with Nonsence, your infamous works have titles of Relations, and the froathy substance within is nothing, but your own inventions, fopperies, and fictions, for what knowledge of the Affaires of great *Britaine* can the people pick out of your Ignorant and Ridiculous Rayling and Revileing His Majesty, His Royall Queen, Honourable Counsellors, and all our Nobility, Gentry or others, with the Reverend Clergy, calling them Papists, Iesuits, Priests; are these things new intelligences, no, all the World knowes those damnable designes to be no newes from you. But it were newes worth the hearing, to heare any truth at all from you, and it is supposed that you writ purposely to make your selfe merry, and for some other Trencher Respects, to delight as wise men as your selfe in reading and laughing at your fooleries.

What knowledge of intelligence, or what profit have the people for their money and time spent, in buying and reading your scoffing scandalls & calumnies, you are pleased to *bestow fine Epithites* upon them, as *fantasticall Heads and Hydes*, and the grave and Reverend Iudges your wickednesse is pleas'd to trench upon *Rastalls* Abridgements, and to call them *Rascalls*, neither can the Serjeant at Lawes *Quoyfe*, or Iudges *Night-cap* scape the flowt of your fooles cap, the *Quoyfes* (you say) *are Quoifes of injustice, and the Night-caps of false Judgement*; Then you boast of your (and none but yours) *Parliaments late successe, and your Scottish brethrens advance*, It is well known, that your Parliament hath the Art to Create, make, forme, fashion and frame Successe into what shape they please, and be it either good, bad, or indifferent, they can metamorphose it into feares, jealousies, Publique thanksgivings, and these ingredients being melted with zeale in the secret Chrusible of the Publique-Faith, and so with hey passe and Repasse Legerdemaine it is Transformed into money, and that money into Rebellion. For your brethren (the *Scots*) advance, I will give you leave to bragge of their successe.

Then you seem to be displeased at *Aulicus*, for speaking truth when he called you *Rebells*, I doe heartily wish that you might truly give him the Lye, but if you be not Rebells, I shall suppose *Faux*, and *Ravillsack* to be Honest men, and that *Wat Tyler*, *Iack Cade*, *Hackett*, *Pewrye*, *John a Leiden*, and *Knipperdolling* dyed true Martyrs.

Britanicus laies, the Ensigne is yet unhanged, that said he would kill

kill the King, tis very likely, for I am sure you have hang'd, Imprisoned, Murdred, Plundred or Beggered as many as you could lay hold on, of such as were either Ecclesiasticall or Temporall Protestants, as would spend their livelihoods and deerest blood in defence of their true Religion, and service of their Soveraigne. But your evasion is, that your Trayterous Ensigne did not meane King *Charles*, *But Generall King is the man he meant to kill*, in this you are a Iesuited Equivocater in Generall, and a lying Knave in particular; you bragge what a brave *Cornelius Burgesse* you have, he is a very wholsome Purified and Repurified man, for the Records of the Spirituall Court doth keep an account, that he hath been twice purg'd in that court, for two female servants of his, who by his joyning of Jyblets were both great with child in his own house. But these spirituall Court purgings, was to weak Physick to work upon him, so that he (relapsing) fell to the old trade againe, for which he was to be let blood, purg'd, dieted, and disciplin'd in the High-Commission; But that he and his friends so labour'd the dissolution of that Court, that it was Abollished, and *Cornelius* (by that means) was left uncur'd, and I doubt uncurable, and I have heard of *Cornelius* his Tub, which is the fittest Pulpit for him and his Rebellious doctrine, he is no *Cornelius Tacitus*, (as you say) but it were better for the peace of the Church and State, if he were *Tacitus*, with all the Rabble of his Tribe of Sectaries; *Tacitus* was a *Roman* Historian, and wrote the lives of some wicked Heathen Emperours, but your Loquatious *Burges* (whose discretion had more appeared had he bin *Tacitus*) hath with the Vollubillity of his seditious verbosity, omitted *Suetonius* and destroyed *Tranquillius*; In a word, he hath talk'd so much strife and mischiefe, that thereby our former blessed Peace and Tranquillity is as rare to be found as Truth and Loyalty is either in him, or in his Imposture Scribe *Mercurius Britanicus*.

Next; he pursues the Bishops (in the old Beaten way of Rayling) which is as common as the barking of doggs, and therefore I hold him not worthy of an Answer. His Ridiculous scoffs of the Earle of *Bristol*, the Lord *Cottington*, and Sir *Francis Windebank*, calling them *Spanish Figgs and Reisins*, is such poor silly Rogish stuffe, that the folly of *Will Summers*, or *John Dorye* were profound wisdome in respect of it.

Then Sir, (to shew your love to Learning (like the rest of your

 sweet

ſweet Maiſters *Magnificoes*, *Clariſſimoes* Committee and Common-Councell men) you jeere at the Schooles, which is a place renowned for a famous Librarie through more Kingdoms Provinces and Nations, then are in the Chriſtian World, and the ever renowned founder (Sir *Tho. Bodley*, will for ever ſtand in the Records of fame, when the memory of the Calumniators of that Magnificent fabrick ſhall Rot, Stink, and be juſtly held odious to God and Man.

The Arch-biſhop of *Armaugh* falls next into the Roleing ſtreame or Railing ſtraine of your Aſperſions, and indeed your commendations and approbation either of him, or any other man, is one of the greateſt diſparagements to blur and blemiſh a good Reputation, on the other ſide, the Ridiculous and Mallicious Scandalls which you are pleas'd to bluſter againſt. Virtue, doth illuſtrate the brightneſſe of it, and make it ſhine more Glorioſuly perſpicuous, (for mine own part I had Rather *Brittanicus*, and all his friends were hang'd then that either he or they ſhould be at the charges to beſtow a good Report on me, for every honeſt man would take me to be a *Bronniſt* or *Anuabaptiſt*, a Raſcall, a Rebell and a Traytor.

The profound learning, the ſincerity of the Proteſtant Religion, the Loyalty to his Soveraigne, the extraordinary pains of his Studdying, the manner, Method, and Elegancy of his frequent Preaching, his Charity. Affability and carriage of his Exemplary life and converſation; all theſe vertues, being the unqueſtionable practiſe of this moſt Reverend Biſhop, cannot eſcape the ſnapping and ſnarling of *Brittanicus*, whereby the danger of a Knaves good Report is moſt plainly manifeſted.

Brittanicus, you doe Amplify, and ſeem to ſtellify the Rebellious Lord *Denbigh*, and ſome others, with the Attainted and Outlawed *Say and Seale*, and if there were no other proofs of their Delinquency, your Juſtification were ſufficient Teſtimony. *Deare-ring* (you bragge is come to you, I pray you make much of him, he is an excellent jewell to hang in the Eare of a Gallowes, at which time a Turn'd ſhirt of Holland may ſerve him for a Winding-ſheet (if the Crowes be not couzned.) You ſay you look for *Hopton* next, (you may look for him, but I think you dare neither look or ſee him where he is, if you look for him in Imitation of *Deereing*, you may look your Eyes out, and if you and your Maiſters and Members had the grace to be good Subjects till *Hopton* turne Rebell, the mi-

ſeries

ſeries of this Kingdom would quickly have a happy period; in the mean ſpace look to *Hopton*, for *Hopton* looks for you.

You extoll the Lord *Gray* of *Warke* and your Speaker (nine yards *London* meaſure above *Vrſa minor*,) Prophecying that they with the *Common-Counſell-men ſhall fill Chronicles*; in this you are believ'd, for there are many men Cronicled for diſloyalty to their Princes, and ſetting of Kingdoms in combuſtious contention, and why not they. And then you (victoriouſly) doe jeere our victories, you ſay we took certain priſoners, *one was a Trooper with five ſhillings* 3d *in his pocket, three men in ſcarlet breeches, and one dragoon in an old pluſh doublet*, in this you keep your promiſe with your chapmen, in letting them have ſome Newes for their money, and no doubt but ſome of them have ſo much wit as to believe you.

But you prize your Generalls blood at an ineſtimable valew, *that every drop af it is a Ruby or an Emerauld*, It is wonder that his exceeding Excellency doth not beat thee for thy groſſe flattery, for he knowes himſelfe to be ſcarcely worth a Peble, and his Loyalty to his King were overvalued at the rate of a Saint *Martins* Pearle.

You taxe us that *all our letters are falſities*, and we know that though they be written with all grounds of reall truths, yet you have the art to falſify them, either by new tranſcribing, miſinterpreted and prejudicate conſtructions, or forged counterfeit Letters of your own deviſing and writing, which Letters have been often interpreted by your ſelves, ſometimes at Sea, out of a Catch or an Oyſterboate, by your victorious and unmatchable, Admirable Admirall, and others have been ſecretly conveyed to your Generalls and Commanders, who have eaſily taken the poore papers, and ſent them to *London*, by ſpeedy order they have been Printed, (as full of your own Lyes, as your malice and the Divell could thruſt into ſo ſmall Roomes) then they have been diſperſed as dangerous plots and conſpiracies, plotted by Papiſts, Royaliſts, and Cavaliers; and publique thanksgivings commanded to be given in all Churches for Greate and extraordinary deliverances from fabulous dangers of your own deviſing.

Prinne you are pleaſed to entitle, *your Protomartyr, in the Worſt times, and a Champion in the Beſt*, *Prinne* hath heard of me lately in a larger tract, in my Anſwer to his Traiterous Pamphlet of the Power of Parliaments; and Vindication of the new Counterfeit

Great-Seale, *Pennrye* and *Prinne* are somewhat neare in an Annagram, they are nearer in their Treasons, and no doubt they will be neareſt, when *Prinne* suffers as *Pennry* did at Tyburne (for leſſe Treason) in Queen *Elizabeths* time.

The truth is, you doe make bold with the names of some, who have been so bold to beat you squarely, and made you run away Roundly, for which causes I will tollerate you to be angry, and revenge your Maisters cause and your own with railing and playing the foole, that's another full poynt.

It is your profitable and safest way to keep your distance in staying at *London* or *Westminister*, & abuse his Majesty, and as many as doe Love Serve and Honour Him at *Oxford*, But your Lyes are not limited only hither, for their universality flees all over Great Britaine, by the false name of newes: and because the Gentleman is so exquisite and exact in taxing names in stead of newes, the name of *Mercurius Britanicus*, (as I am Certified) is *James Hudson*, which in an Annagram is the *Sphinx*, which the *Oedipus* of my Pericranion makes a true signification, of, for it opens the Riddle of the Matter, the Marrow, and the very intrincicall secrets of your name and Pamphlets. *As thus*,

IAMES HVDSON, *annagram*, O, HIS MAD NVES,

Thus your very name includes the nature of your weekly Relations, the *mad nues* of *Iames Hudson*, hath made abundance of fooles, and knaves as *mad* as himselfe, he is *mad* in writing, and they are out of their Wits, with countenancing, buying, Reading, and believing his *madnesse*, which doth blow the Coles that Inflames this *Mad* Rebellion. But himselfe and his damnable Lyes and Labours, are more Really described in another Annagram, of *Mercurius Brittanicus*, with his own name mixt with it; *As thus*.

MERCVRIVS BRITTANICVS, IAMES HVDSONNE,
Annagramma,
BVRN MI NONSENSE, WHI, IT IS ACVRST D.REAMS.

You see Sir, that your own name, with your accurst Pamphlets Title, doth most plainly demonstrate the lewdnesse, badnesse, and madnesse of your pestiferous *Newes*, and the reason is, you acknowledge it worthy to be *Burnt*, as being your *Nonsense*, the Question *why* it should be *Burnt* is, because it is *Acurst Dreams*.

Thus

Thus you ſee that *Taylor* the Waterman (whoſe name you abuſed and Scoft amongſt his betters) hath fidled a little with your name for this once.

I could play with ſome of your Maiſters Memberſhips ſuch as have gotten too good eſtates in being bad ſervants to His Majeſty,

As, *Henry Vane Senior*, annagram, *Ruines anye Honer*,
Henry Vane Iunior, annagram, *I Honer vaine Ruyn*,
Or, *William Fines*, annagram, *I am Sinful Evil*.

I could fool with the quondam Grooms name, and tell him, there was a time when he was *Rich* and very poor at once, till by his Majeſties Grace, he was *Rich* in Honour and eſtate, and now by his Ingratitude, he is turn'd poor again, ſcarce worth a Clout or Ragge of *Holland*.

Then you tell us that *Denmarke and France are puzled* by the *Sweadiſh* deſigne; indeed it behooves all the Kings of the Earth, to take it into ſerious conſideration how dangerous it is for *Monarchie*, to be Aſſaulted by a Rebellious *Anarchie*. And (Arrogantly) you ſpend your Iudgement, that *nothing can help but Spain, and the pawne of Ireland*, yes Sir, there is one that you know not, (or ſcarcely ever think on) that both can and will help, without the help of man or forreign Nations, or pawn of a Kingdom. If you would but take God in your mind, you would quickly gueſſe who it is that will help, but your cauſe is ſo bad, that you are faine to buy and begge help of your Brethren, (ſome Rebellious *Scots*) for the payment of whom, you have pawn'd more then Kingdoms, for you have morgaged your ſoules to the Divell, by your execrable perjury, Oathes, Vowes, Proteſtations and Covenants.

You heare that Holland is about to ſet forth ſome Declaration at this time, if it be of his own writing, I ſhall doe him the Honour to Laugh at it. You call *Warwick, your unmatchable Admirall, a brave man by Sea and Land*, It is true that he is unmatchable in this Rebellion, and his markes of a *Brave man*, is his wicked conſtancy in an accurſt cauſe. Sir *Tho. Fairfax, and Sir William Breveton are to high* (you ſay) *for any title that you can give them*, they are not ſo high as they deſerve, by tenne ſteps at leaſt.

Then you tell us, *that you had forgot one peice of Newes*, you may doe well, to let us have ſome ſmall peice for our mony, for you have told us of no newes yet, But what is your piece of Newes, ſome good ſtuffe no doubt, like the reſt before; But ſtand a ſide and be unco-

ver'd

ver'd, this newes is an humble wish, that (for the Edification of the Ignorant people) their two thinne Howses of Lower uppermost, and Vpper lowermost (which he calls the Estates) would *be pleased*, beneath and above, *to annex to their commands, for the Reading them in all Churches, for the Citty knowes enough already, and the Country to little*, And is it not fit that seeing all Order, Decency, and Doctrine of Christianity is (irreligiously) and Blasphemously thrust out of the Churches with you, that in the Room thereof, the Railings and Revilings of this Weekly *Rabshekah* may be brought in, which may in future ages make *Mercurius Brittanicus*, as famous for his *Mad newes and Accurst Nonsence Dreams*, as *Mahomet* is for his *Alcaron*.

Then you say, *that the Parliament were in the worst condition, if it could not command all other Courts in punishing Delinquents*, but if your *Thing* at *Westminster*, were a Parliament, they would have punished you for Traiterous Libells, against the sacred Majesties of the King and Queene, the Royall posterity, the Reverend Clergy, the faithfull Nobility and Gentry, the true hearted Commonalty, and finally, against the Peace of all His Majesties Kingdoms, these are such delinquencies, that they deserve lesse then to be dream'd a Parliament, that gives them encouragement and Rewards, these are no Acts, or Symptoms of a Parliament.

Lastly your words are, *That you doe not take Armes against the King, but against those about Him*, God is about Him, and I hope ever will be, and environ him with his all saving protection, the blessed successe he hath had in being still preserved from dangers, might make you believe that God is about him, if you mean his trusty servants *that are about him*, that's no newes, it is their Honour to be hated for their Maisters sake. *And if he will needs involve himselfe into their Ruine* (then belike you mean utterly to ruine them and the King together) *you can but only pray and sigh for the misfortune of the King*, with a publique Thansgiving, *Doing still our duty to the King*. We thank you for your manners, I know none you have.

Thus Mounsier *Mercurius Brittanicus*, I have trac'd, track'd and truely answerd all your madnesse for one week, which is as much as if I had confuted all that you have done, can, or will doe, but if you meddle with me again, I shall make so bold, to bung up your Chaps with a *Gravesend* Toast.

F I N I S.

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